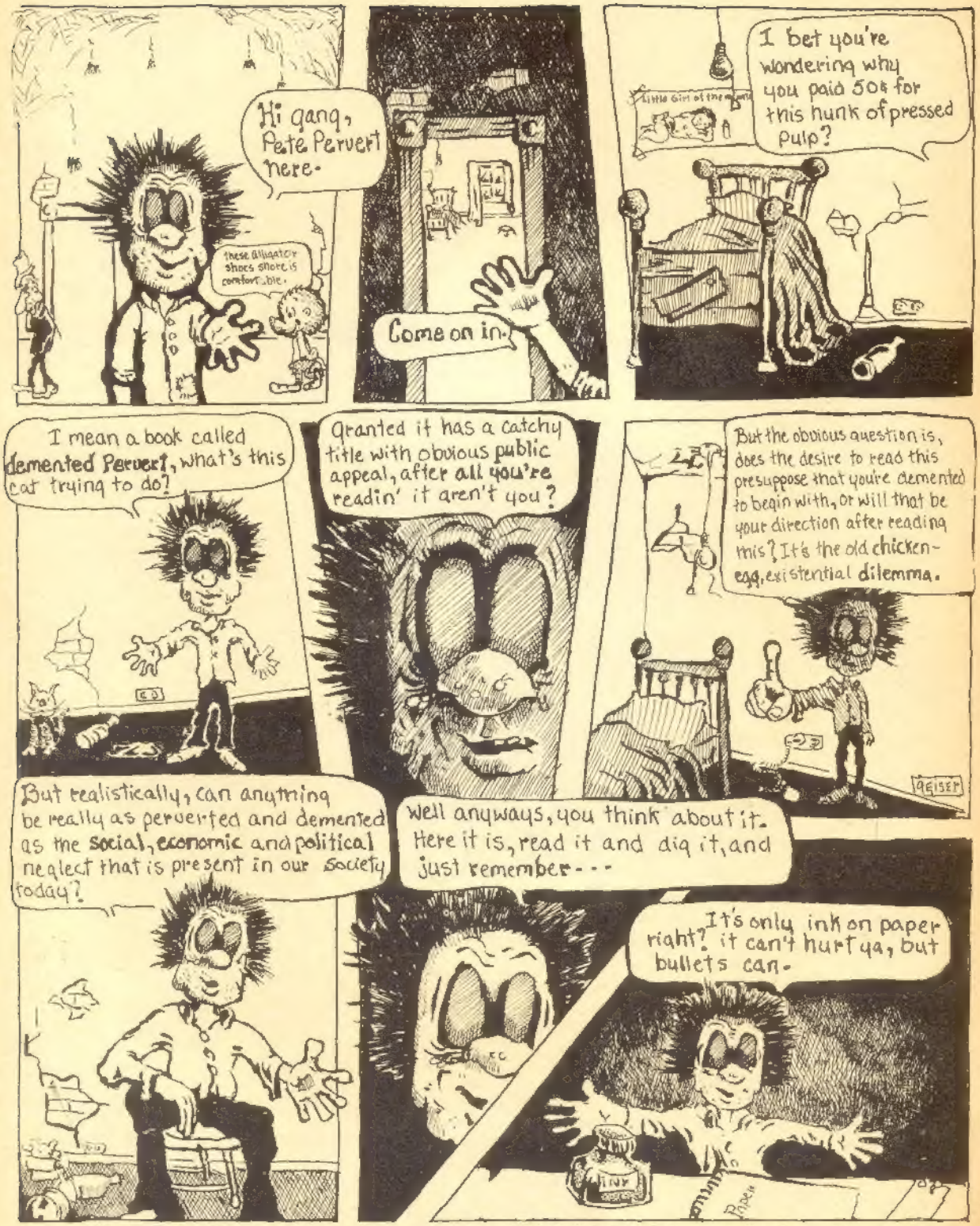
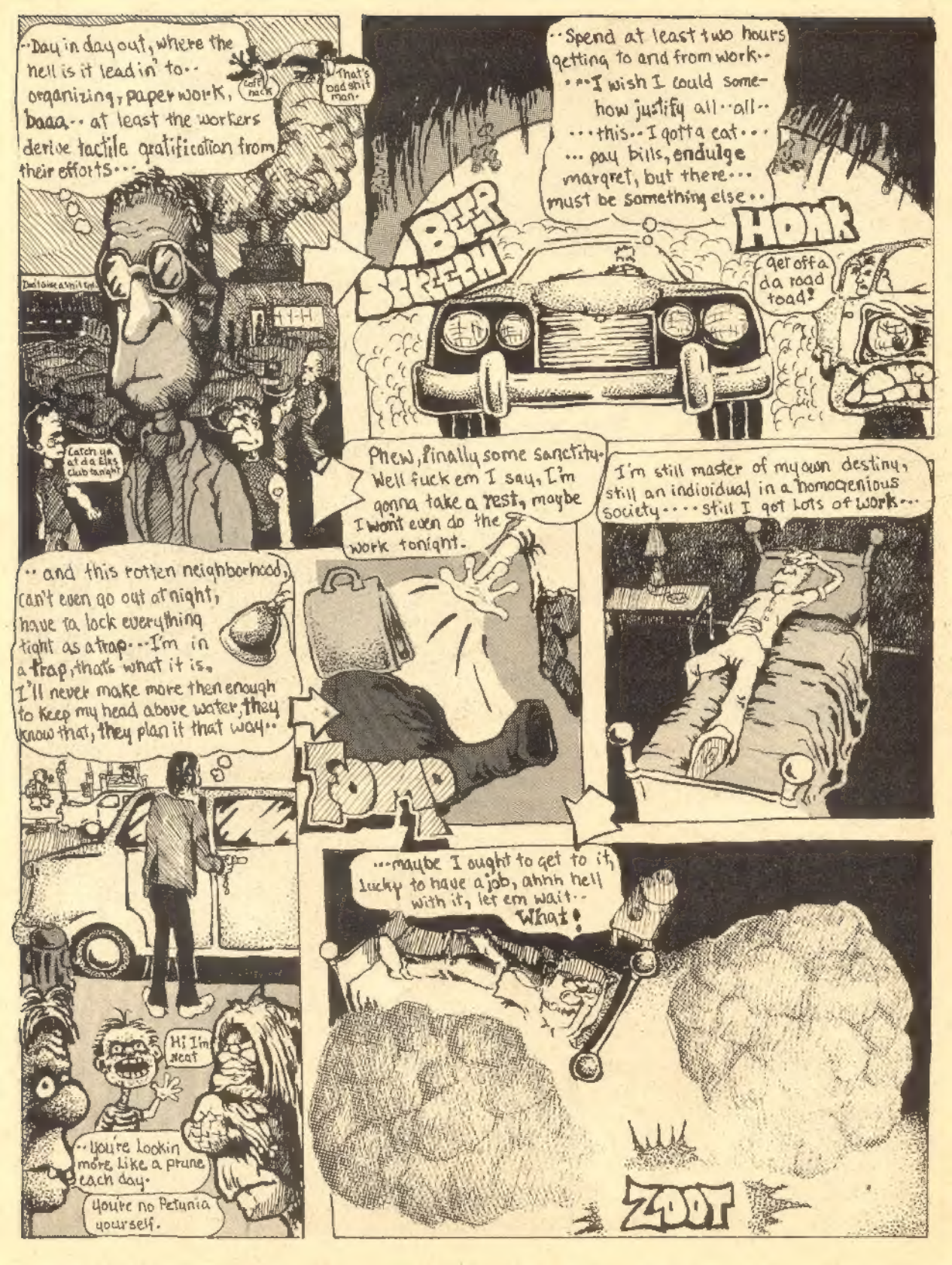
ALL KNEW
ADULTS ONLY
DEMENTED REVERT COMIX
sure glad Walt didn't Live ta see this.
Far out
this is more Like it
A YAKOB PRO.
50¢ or 3 yaks in trade.
all the middle class paranoia that's unfit ta print.
Bobby Boilsucker
an after the Bomb Baby!
Shoe Fetish
SOUL food for thought
Hee, Hee, you'll be back, it's what you really want.
No never, I'm a responsible intelligent adult--this--this stuff is trash not art--it--it's not right--it's imm--immoral--Give me Andrew Wyeth--Quick--
ya can't escape it so why not dig it.
GEISER




Demented Pervert © Jan. 1971 by the artists - Geiser - Carson - Stalker - Published by Dave Geiser under the classy title of Yahoo Productions 937 Capp St. San Francisco. Distributed by his buddies at the Print Mint 830 Folger Ave. Berkeley Calif. 94701

a McluhanesQue horror story
GEISER
SOLID PARANOIA
Jesus that clock must have 12d in it's ticker, the day's have been really drag in'... well only two more months till my 5 day vacation, can't complain... hope Margret will go out with me saturday, couldn't stand any more rejection...
In recognition of Rubin Bumbleass subservient award
nothin but screw screw screw all day long.
I'll never get outta this
Boy what'a bunch of Neanderthals... Least a desk job has dignity... but they all seem so gregarious..happy.. unconcerned..
Hey Frank, I saves ya a spot
Oh well someone has ta carry the burden, someone has to care, be responsible... got a shitload of work to do at home... might as well stay in the office 24 hours a day..
CHANG
..Got ta keep grindin' it out, can't afford to lose my job, I'm up to my asshole in back payments..


..Day in day out, where the hell is it lead in' to.. organizing, paper work, baaa.. at least the workers derive tactile gratification from their efforts...
Cuff neck
That's bad shit man.
Don't give a shit tho.
Catch ya at da Elks Club tonight
..Spend at least two hours getting to and from work.. ...I wish I could somehow justify all..all.. ...this..I gotta eat... ...pay bills, endulge margret, but there... must be something else..
BEEP
SCREEEH
HONK
get off a da road toad!
Phew, finally some sanctity. Well fuck em I say, I'm gonna take a rest, maybe I won't even do the work tonight.
I'm still master of my own destiny, still an individual in a homogenious society....still I got lots of work...
..and this rotten neighborhood, can't even go out at night, have to lock everything tight as a trap...I'm in a trap, that's what it is. I'll never make more then enough to keep my head above water, they know that, they plan it that way..
...maybe I ought to get to it, lucky to have a job, ahhh hell with it, let em wait.. What!
Hi I'm Neat
..You're lookin more like a prune each day.
You're no Petunia yourself.
ZOOT

graphic construction of rudimentory psychic phobias, otherwords paranoid pictures.
Jesus H. Frank
Thou shalt not rest, thou shalt not enjoy one's self, thou shalt suffer, persevere and subordinate one's self.. amen!
Summer in Poland
nooo... I'll be a good stoic, I promise. No more anti-American anti-christian day-dreaming for me, it's back to the treadmill..
there's trouble a brewin
RING RING
get up Cibum
Booqali Booqali
Aiii I'm late for work
dunno, an dun care, Let's go to the park an sit.
Hey where dat crazy ass dude goin to in such a fit?
make sure you're home in time to feed me!
Watch out, his feet move faster than his head does!

Pubis storms back through the jungle in hopes of retaining his menial employment, only to find that...

...His existence has no longer been deemed necessary by those giants of intellect in the business world!

But all my files my work...

That's all on a 9x12 card boy.

No more human subjectivity eh Bumblinger? No vacations, no pay raises. 24 hour perfection!

Comon, you don't have to lick my boots no more, I no longer own you.

GRUEL GRUEL

Sorry boy, but thats life. Progress, merely displacing the work force, not reducing it. Unfortunately you're caught in a vacuum. Your 10 years of service here mean nothing, go back and start over my boy, those are the rules...

Kiss Kiss Lick

He's a T.K.O. folks Technical knock out.

The sad soul of progress

join the forced labor pool chump.

WOMP

Id almost wanta cry if I cared.

What will I do? What can I do? At the ripe old age of thirty years I've had my umbilical cord severed, my one function in life ceeded to a chrome adversary. Who do I turn to? all my previous relationships and activities were company oriented.

Hi, I'm Lil' Vishnu Yatwanta ballime. You look like you need some Karma direction.

I've been put out to pasture Vishnu.

I gotta get me some speed to keep me goin, if I can't get some I don't know what the fuck I'll do, maybe that mama fucker Tony got some...

What are those things following you?

Just my fears about to become my realities.

Whata bummer.

Why don't ya come on live with me for a while? maybe I can help you.

I was desperate, I decided to take her up on her offer. I had been rejected by my social group, maybe I could find exceptence here.

Hey gang this is pubis Bumblinger.

Outa sight

Far out.

...I soon learned many things,--things that I had not had the time or understanding for before--

far out-groovy-bitchin, outa sight, dig it, too much, heavy, solid, right on...

Now let's try position number 10.

getting some great close ups

BAM-BA-BAM-BA

Killer weed

All the fears I had once felt were gone. We were living life free and easy, just taking things as they came...we even had a child.

Far out

Outa sight

Whos is it?

We use to spend a lot of time at the Fillmore, until that old "Flower child" Bill Graham began packing them in so tight that it would'a made a sardine anxious. Can't blame Bill though, he's had things pretty tough!

Hey man, someone passed me a cigarette, what'll I do with it?

Dunno, try eating it

..and so Vishnu, myself, and Lil Pubis decided to make a go of it together...
isn't this beautiful Vishnu? Someday we'll live out here, I promise. I want Lil pubis to grow up in the country
Far out
then I took all this acid...
got any more?
So you see, now my world's simple and serene. No more hassels, no more fears. The only thing I care about now are Vishnu and Lil Pubis.
tell it like it is third world soul brother
Yes, someday we'll live out here, build our own house, plant a garden. Of course we'll teach Lil Pubis ourselves, but later on I'll see that he goes to a good school, so he can have all the things I never had.
Far out
Maybe if I cut my hair and cleanup I could get a job, maybe at my old company, yes I can see it all now, we'll save a little out'a each pay check, and.....
ZOOT
Oh-ohh, Look out Pubis, the jig is up, here they come again, in different forms maybe, but they're still there. Don't let anyone kid you, we're all fighting a losing battle with existence, on a big social economic treadmill. Everyone's on it, from the pigs on the top to the monk on the hill... such is life.
SOOT it's slick now.
and San Francisco land and been a beautiful city
...It'll be worth it for Lil Pubis. It's gonna be tough...
Far out
Boogli Boogali
Here we go again...

# HIPOLKS

# BOBBY BOILSUCKER

# LIFE!

adapted from an old Norwegian folk tale...

GEISER '78

Magic Mutant Mysteries

the comic strip character that will never end up in the san francisco chronicle

I wasn't what you'd exactly call a handsome devil... in fact, I was down right nauseating.

looks like an after the bomb baby.

mingia maroni!

HEAVE

far out!

Consequently, due to certain physical attributes, I was forced to earn my keep in a most unusual manner.

BOBBIES

cut rate Boilsucking

ASK ABOUT FAMILY RATES

OUT GAYS MADE

our motto: there's a sucker born every minute!

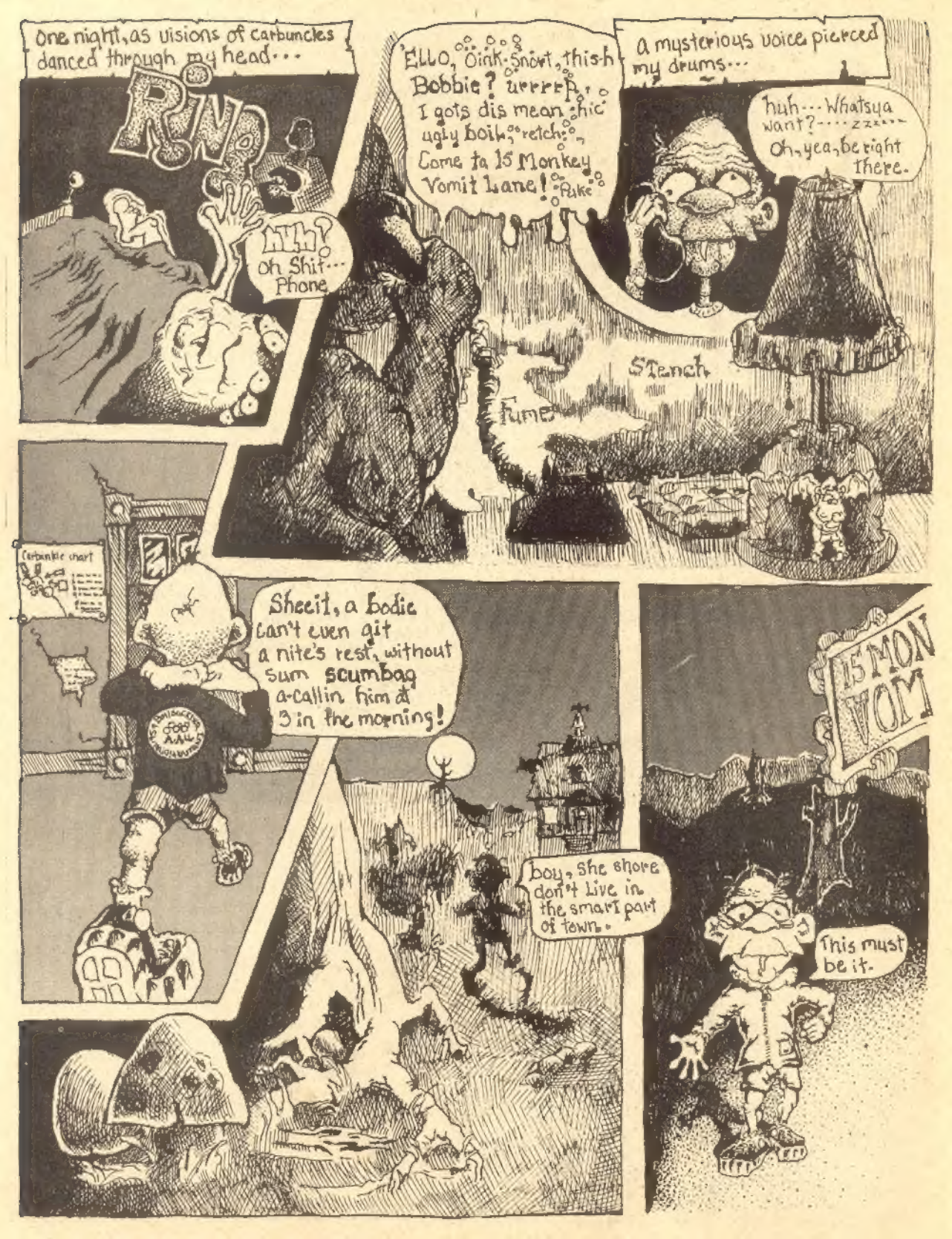
Business was good..

Suck that boil dry son.

Hours were short, food excellent...

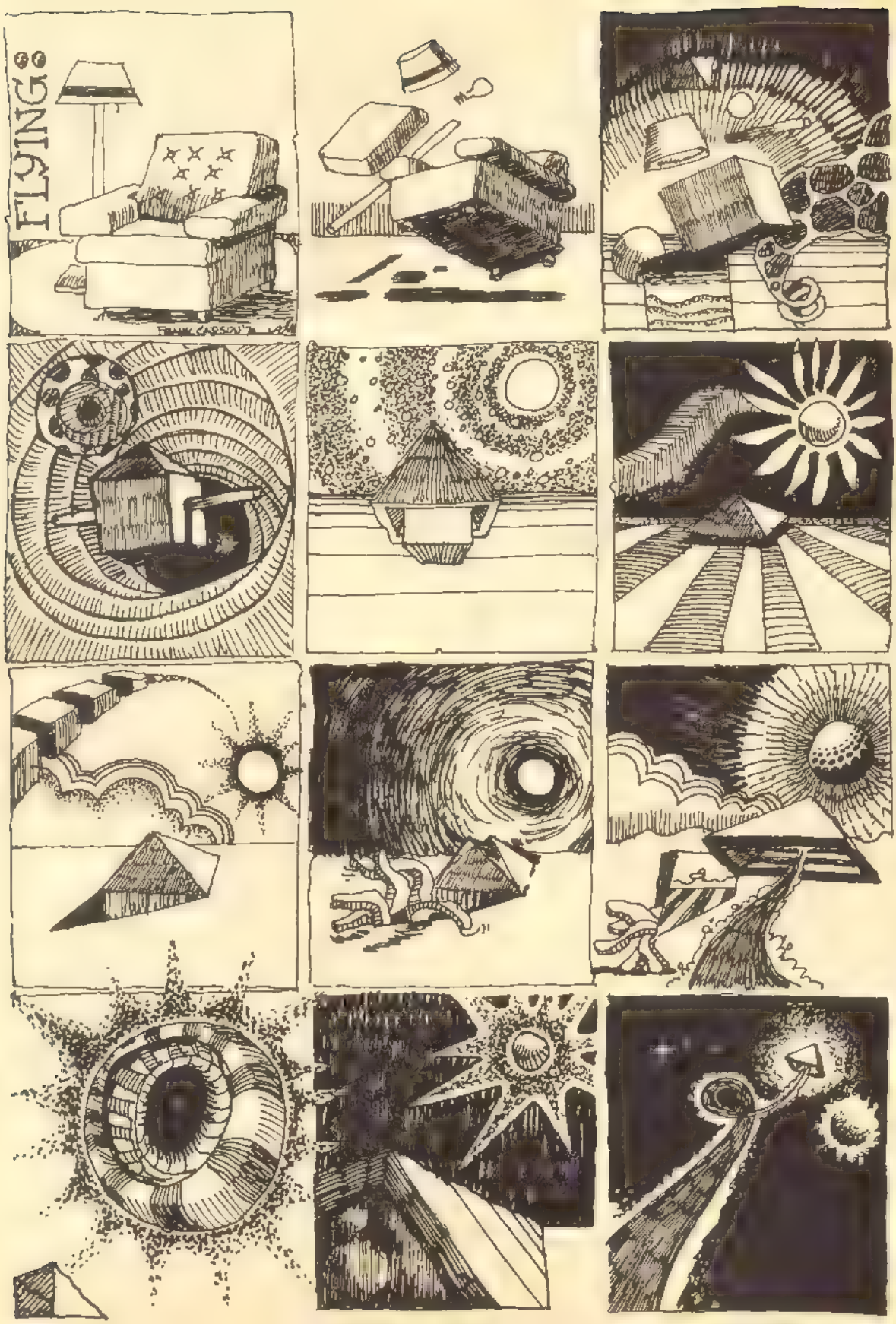
yas sir

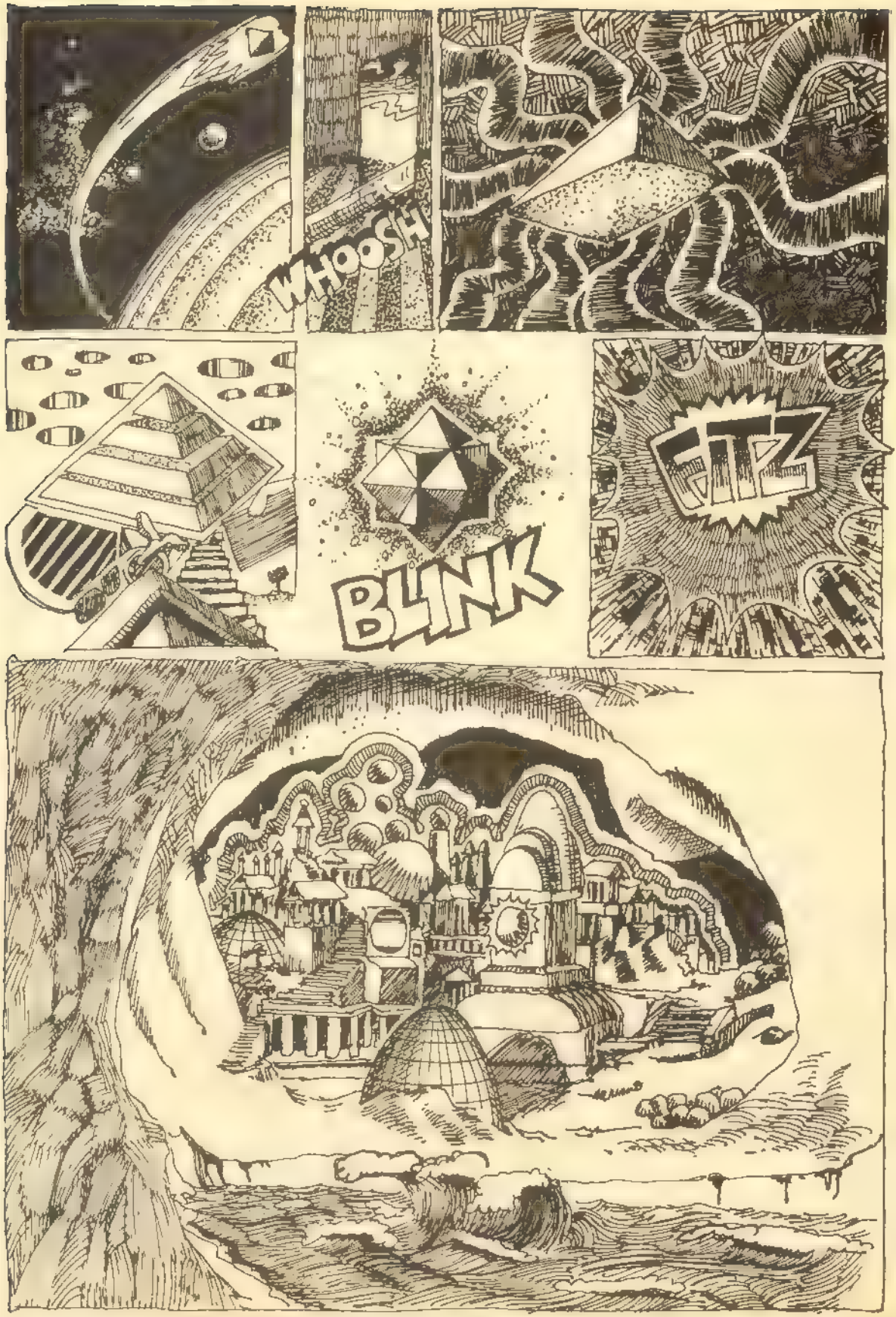
SLURP

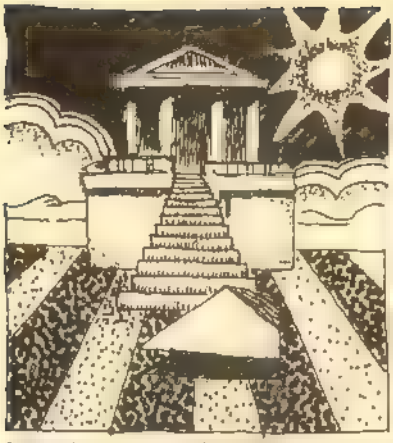
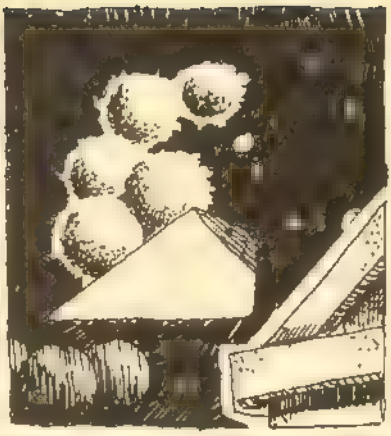
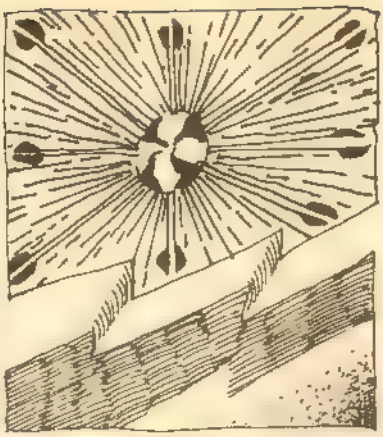
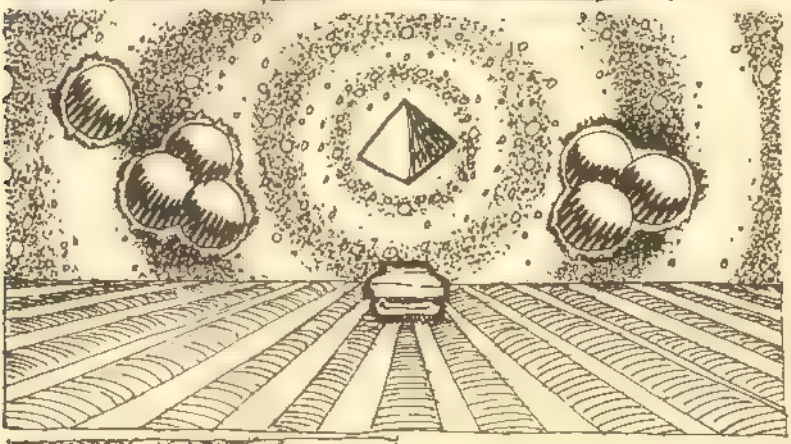

One night, as visions of carbuncles danced through my head...
RING
Hh? Oh Shit... Phone
'Ello, Oink-Snort, this-h Bobbie? urrrrp, I gots dis mean hic ugly boil, retch, Come ta 15 Monkey Vomit Lane! Puke
A mysterious voice pierced my drums...
huh... Whatsya want?.... zzzzzz Oh, yea, be right there.
Stench
Fume
Carbuncle chart
Sheeit, a bodie can't even git a nite's rest, without sum scumbag a-callin him at 3 in the morning!
boy, she shore don't live in the smart part of town.
15 MON VOM
This must be it.

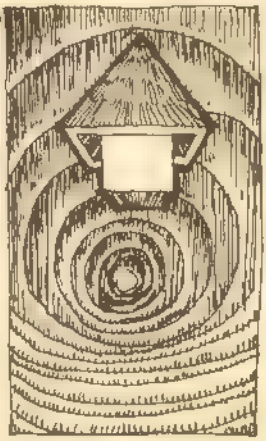
TAP-A-TAP
There she stood all 500 stinky sweaty, putrid, musty pounds of her, she was delightful.
Oooh, Bobby, I thought you'd never make it, snort.
She was as bloom a beauty as I had ever seen. Rotunda Sneekem was her name, and she was captivating. She led me into the front room where various rank animals and garbage mingled in 'Walden-like harmony. The place smelled like a fresh cowpie on a warm summer's day.
What a pleasant home you have here.
thank you Bobby
She lighted gingerly upon a sofa, parted her dainty legs and unveiled her malady - it was a big mutha!
I immediately set to my task...
Ohh.. that feels better all readu...
I started with the Rumanian lateral position, allowing me to drain the dorsal region of the boil.
then for a change of pace I threw in the reverse Gamoucher position.
Foul Smell
Rank Stench
Putrid

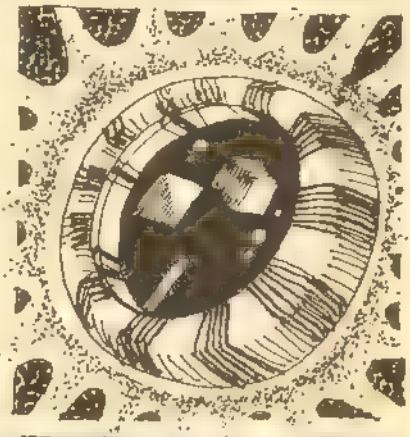
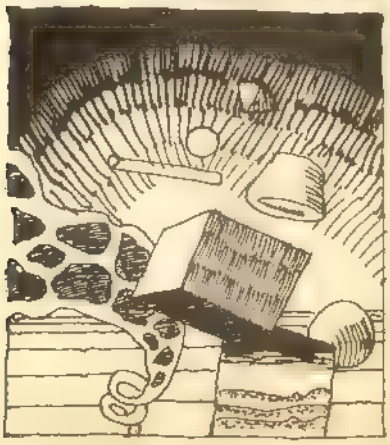
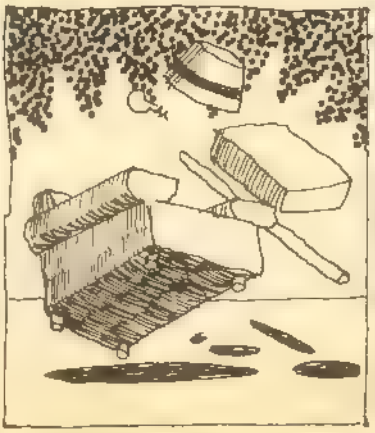
Things were going just fine. I was really enjoying myself, several quotes from The Gita floated through my mind, when--
SLIT SLIP
Ohh, I can't hold it any longer, I'm going to....
..Fart...
She let fly with a fragrant fungus fart! I was crosseyed with disbelief
BLATT
I was enraged, I hopped off the sofa,
Jesus, what are you trying to do?...
LEAP
And left, some people just don't have any manners!
.....Make me Sick?
Bobby, come back--
..It's not all easy street for a boilsucker...


FLYING!
FRANK CARSON


WHOOSH
BLINK
FITZ



TWAT




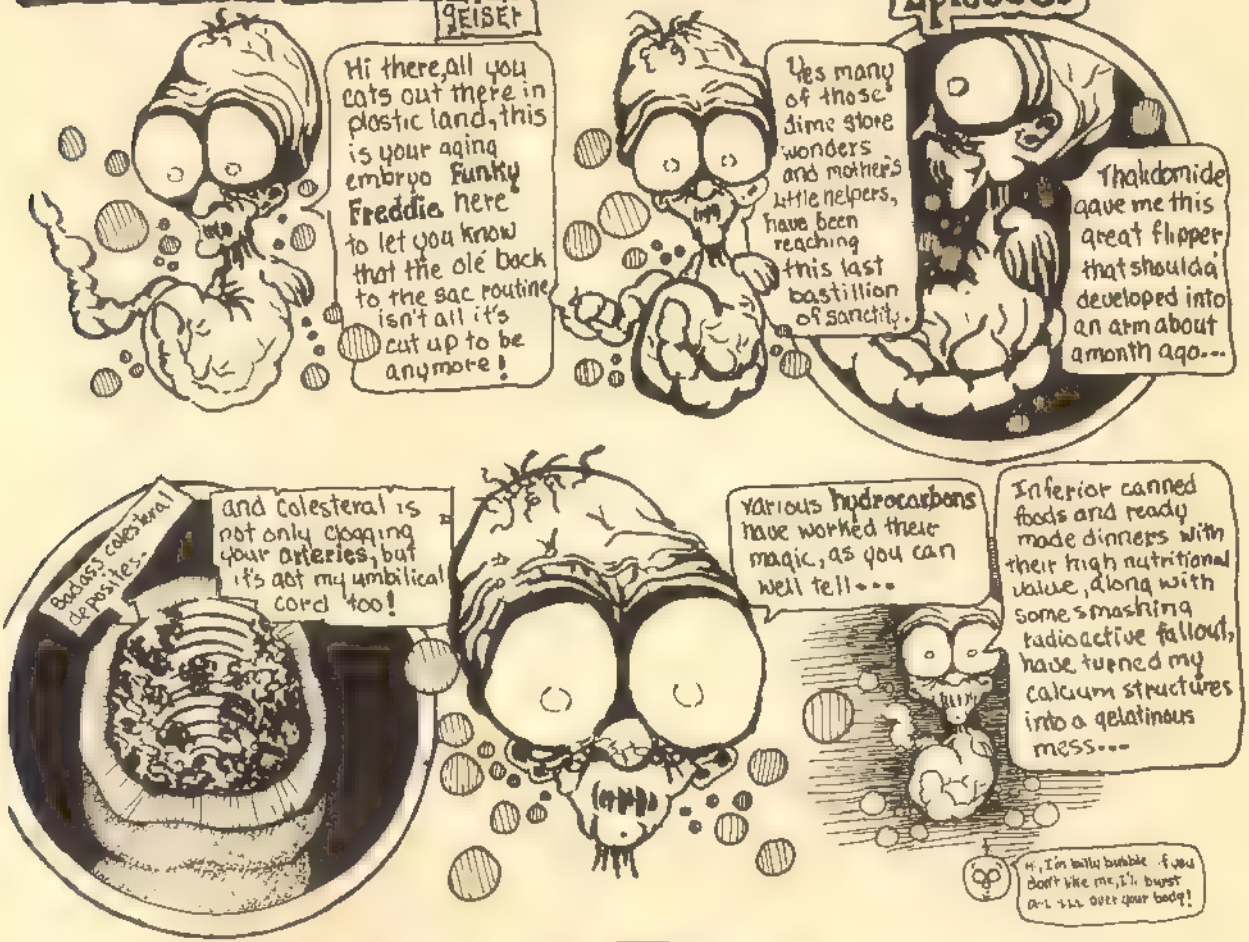
the sound stay in

Partially developed tales.
Sad Sac Funnies

# Funky Freddie Fetus

## Exciting Embryo Episodes

GEISER



# Funky Freddies WOMB ROOM

definately provides the physical and psychological security we all strive for in our day to day activities...

Prof. Wartdong Sanderson

what ever you want me to say, you're the boss.

Sellout Sambo

an occasional Bum from Tacoma

xtra large Toyota securing steeling arm

It's really snazy, it's the cat's pajamas, if you can dig the lingo ya Kronk!

Big Guy Fitch

Eastman Kodak Jr.

Public opinion

It's just another childish attempt to escape the hard facts of reality... still it looks mighty nice...

Yup!

Be the 1st one on your block!

A Block

Elegant sensitemp® control to give you that "just right" liquid limbo. Also a self sustaining oxygen supply.

Specially reinforced bag, with life time supply of food additives to keep ya kickin. (if you so desire).

So Why Wait, Slam the Lid on reality Today!

you'll never regret it.

Even Fetuses have ta make a living ya know.

you're all at the mercy of Joesph E. Levine.

They got ya comin'
And they got ya goin'

# A Parable

Our story opens with that friendly funky flunky **Jesus**, wandering "spaced out" through the country side, in hopes of selling some of his ridiculous religious relics..

Oh... there was a first mate named Cass... Who had two... Rolly Polly tickle my..

Eat me I'm magic.

As he rounds a corner, he runs into a most amiable birth defect!

Hipes

Hi ya!

**Jesus** moves right into the sales pitch.

Sob

Hey kid wanta buy a relic? Guaranteed to get ya into that great freak show in the Sky!

What's the matter kid, no money? what..
Jesus, I just wanta be able ta move, I haven't had a movement since I was born here twenty years ago. Sob
Jesus is touched! (you better believe it) He decides to give old second base a break.
Sorry Kid. Sure I'll help ya, and free of charge.
I hears ya down dere whitey...
give me some of dat ole black magic.
..a deranged cry to the heavens..
fungoo Baste
..and Jesus Zaps Pillow bod with some dazzling theatrics..
Pa

TWEET
Karma
Evaluation
The transformation is made.
Nice scooter
Hey! not bad, and a three speed ta boot...

The Heavens rejoice at the miracle - Hundreds of demented angels - left over from assorted Bible spectaculars, ... flit around and sing lewd gospels... To the tune of ole' black Tom -
HAL-LE LU-IA
Amen
Look like a bunch of fagots a-fyer tome
that's nothin Kid, you ought'a see my water to wine stunt - They love me down on 6th and Howard.
Boy that's really something - this ought'a get you into the Bible for sure
So long Jesus, thanks for the wheels.
SPLASH!
... and then I'm gonna get me some dope and a young chick... and more dope.
... and pillowbod takes off down the highway for his first taste of freedom - as he rounds a hairpin turn...

A most awkward situation presents itself in the form of a 10 ton steamroller bearing down on him at 60 m.p.h.
clink
oh my!
clink
my..
clink
Where's reverse
No more then 100 yards from where he had been patiently waiting for 20 years, Pillowbod is crushed flat as a crust of matza, thus learning a very important lesson in the dynamics of life..
fulz
Jesus happens on the rather sloppy scene--
What a bummer en kid--- Freedom got to ya huh!
Should a bought a relic, har, har,
But remember kids, it's better to have trucked and been flattened then to have never Trucked at all.
Thanks asshole.

# DOWN HOME

Starring

Question: Who do the parents in Rochester New York blame now that Bob's no longer in town?

Look up the youngin's cause I'm on the road again.

## Dirty Bob

for and about Bob Sanderson

GEISER

Gawd, nothin' to do round here septa watch da pigs fuck just waiten to die I guess.

Ooo wee, Look it what's a comm'in..

Slurp

a 12 year old, wow...

Holy a 10 year old, that's some stuff..

this is a neat farm...

My Gawd, here'in a three year old, sweet meat for shore!

I can't take it, I gotta get me one o' dem 3 year olds

Yes Sir, ain't nothin like a three year old, sept maybe a chicken.

hold still bessie

Shore wish he'd do that to me.

Moooo

or a duck

## Free Will Funnies

or life in a nutshell

you can't!

I can if I want to!

You Can't!

Yes I Can!

You can't

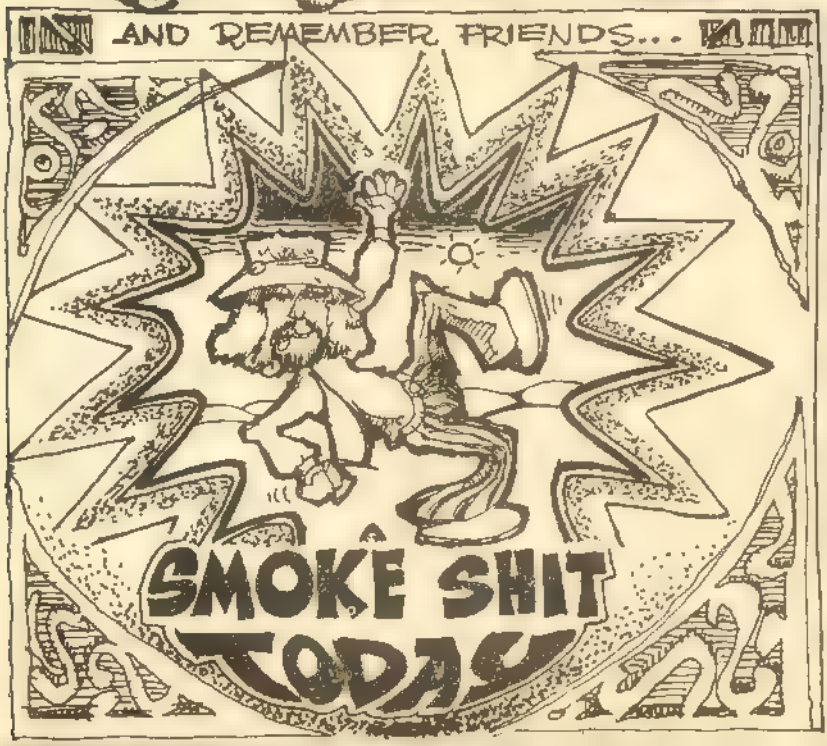
I can to!

I can ta, and I'm going to! I can rise above my environment.

You Can't

# IT'S FINALLY HERE!

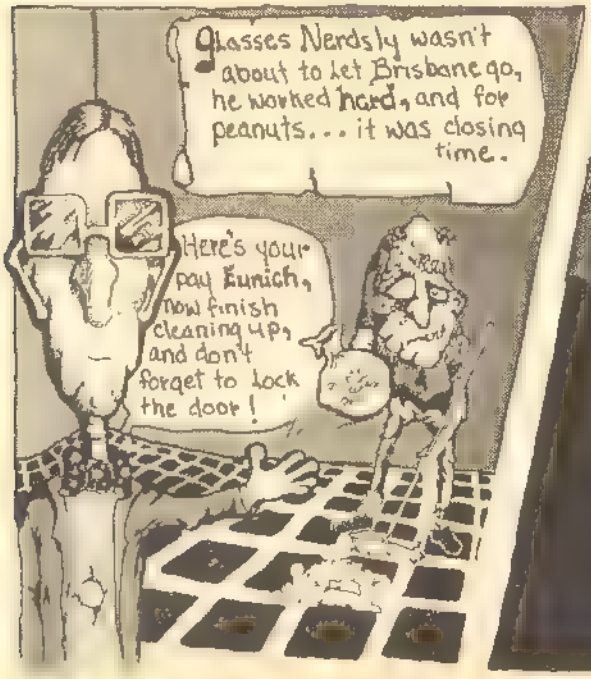
A CIGARETTE FOR THE {2} OF YOU!

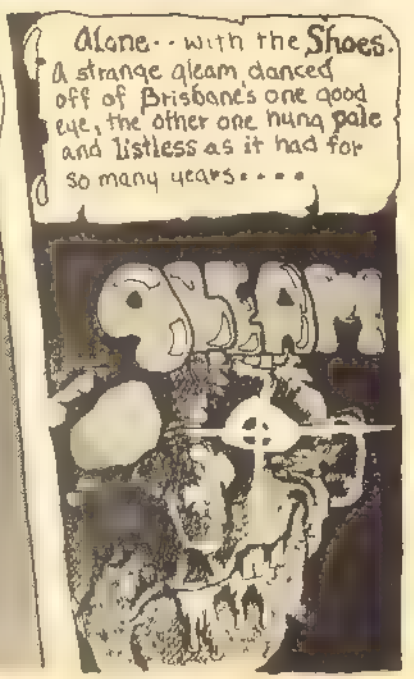


# shoefetish

GEISER

Q. Freud founded fisch funny - - - or - - behind every heel, there's someone who has sou co but!





Years of loneliness and social neglect had transformed Brisbane from a normal...
run of the mill hunchback- into a incoherent possesed maniac with...
a Lust for...
HO HO
SHOES
Brisbane attacked the mountain of shoes with all the desire, compassion love and latent aggressiveness that he had desperately wished to share with his fellow man, but couldn't because of birth's cruel joke!
Shoes Shoes..
He assaulted sandle shoes.
Dry-humped Cordovans.
PANT PANT
and frenched a pair of Admiral sneakers....
fondled girl's high heels...
STRK
SHR

The orgasmic output comes to a well spent halt. In the wee hours of the morning, he finds himself in the midst of his cluttered MADNESS!

Phew!

Right

Sou-brette

Regaining a semi-grip on reality, Brisbane frantically begins rearranging the vestiges of his sexual soliloquy...

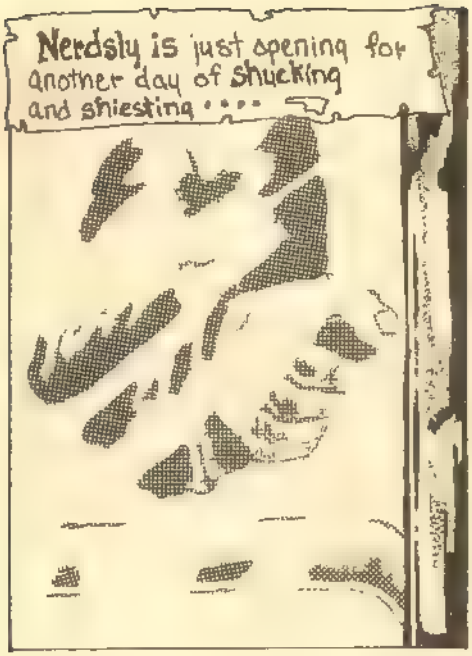
Kinda weird so far eh

After all, things must be just right for glasses Nerdsly..

...greeting the virgin day with a sigh and a smile....

..he hunches on home to his humble abode...

As glasses Nerdsly returns to his shop..


Nerdsly is just opening for another day of shucking and shiesting....

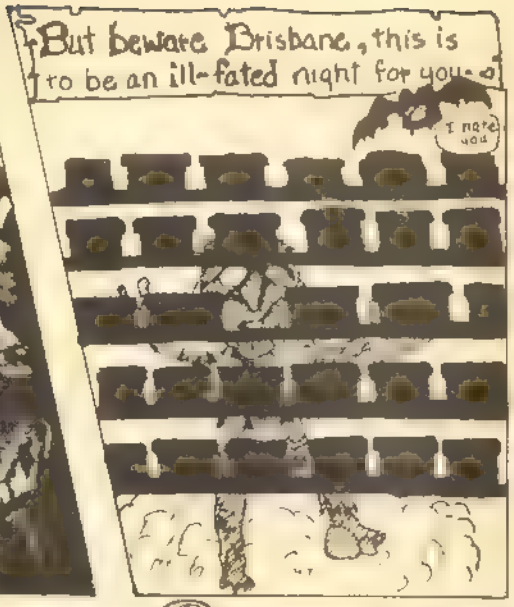
As Brisbane dozes off for a brief rest.... Vishnu smiles on him.
ZZZZZZ

..Before returning back to work...
Want some warts?
Poing

..Back to the same old drag..

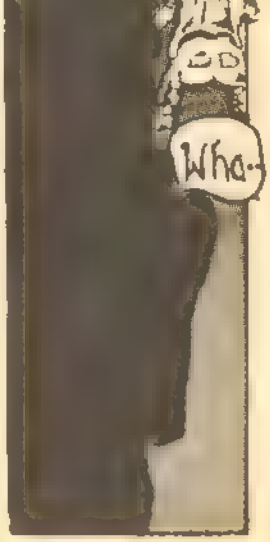
Patiently waiting till...
Get to work, I've got some cute, furry little cartoon characters to wait on....
Yes Mr. Nerdsly.
Now you get me worried.
So I says to em, Wait, I wanta raise, and he just drops over dead..

Closing time!
SHOES


But beware Brisbane, this is to be an ill-fated night for you...
I hate you

Your rendezvous will be rudely interrupted, for just as your passion for your beloved wing tipped Cordovans is culminating...
ooh, Wingtip's
ooooh, we'll walk to the ends of the earth together
swoon
Just as you're dropping your well earned load..

Glasses Nerdsly will be returning back to the store for a forgotten item...
Damnit, forgot Margrets movie magazines. Ahhh - she's a lotta woman, you're a lucky devil Glasses, or should I say, she's a lucky woman! Ha, Ha.


Wha-

Glasses will be sneaking up behind you, but compassion and pity will fill the void where only hatred had once existed.
Poor retched creature, how he must be suffering.. I must do something
Ahhh, it is fortunate that this razor sharp double edged ax is handy, to help me free his poor tortured soul....
Brisbane, prepare thyself to feel the cold steel of white - anglo saxon - Protestant - Christian - Justice! Say thy prayers sinner.
And the ax buries in Brisbanes skull with a dull thud
SLT
EEEK...
Glasses MADLY pounds away at the plundered corpse as if it were so much dead wood.
Poor sick creature, now he's free. Sob
and besides heh, heh..
..Nobody makes love to my favorite pair of wingtips... oooh..
So remember gang... if the shoe fits... (eat it)

NORMAN GETS HIS!

# ARE YOU TIRED OF THE ALL-AMERICAN BUTT-FUCK?

# YOUR AZZHOLE GETTIN' SORE?

THEN, FRIEND, THIS IS FOR YOU!

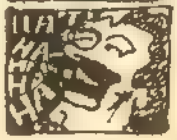
!!NEW!! Asgards AMAZING

# ANAL CHASTITY BELT

THIS AMAZING DISCOVERY OF LAYMAN NORMAN CLUTZ, WHEN USED WITH A CONSCIENTOUSLY APPLIED PROGRAM OF ANAL HYGIENE AND REGULAR PROFESSIONAL CARE GUARANTEED TO CURE YOUR ASSHOLE OF ALL THE AILMENTS INCURRED BY YOUR DAY TO DAY BUTT-FUCKING BY (DARE I SAY IT) THE AMERICAN WAY.

**FILBEN FORTHRIGHT OF PODUNK, OHIO SEZ:**
"MY AZZHOLE NEVER FELT SO GOOD!"

**GRANNY NUGENS SEZ:**
"AFTER ALL THESE YEARS I CAN SIT DOWN ON WOOD CHAIRS AGAIN"



**ARMAND DE PUBIS OF DEVIL'S RECTUM, N. DAKOTA SEZ:**
"I HAVEN'T STOPPED LAUGHING SINCE I PUT MINE ON."

DR. FARTZ

**DR. B.F. FARTZ, RENOWNED DOCTOR OF ANAL SCIENCE, SEZ OF THE NEW WONDER BELT:**

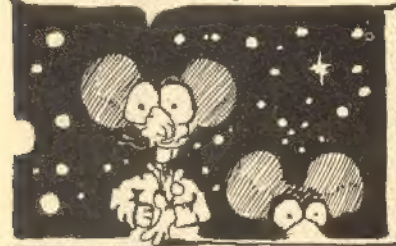
"ITS REALLY FUCKING AMAZING! NOT ONLY DOES YOUR ASSHOLE FEEL LIKE A MILLION, EVEN THE WORST CASES OF IN-THE-ASS RASH DISAPPEAR IN DAYS. YOU'LL FIND YOU SIT EASIER, SHIT PRETTIER, AND WIPE CLEANER. ITS A FACT."

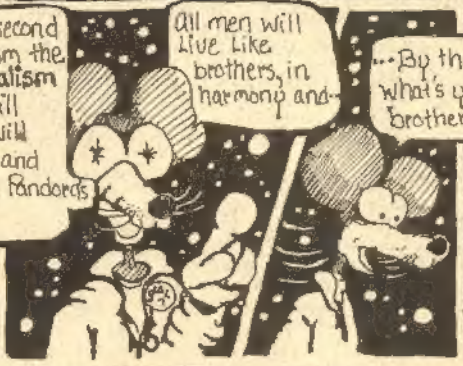
by FRANK CARSON

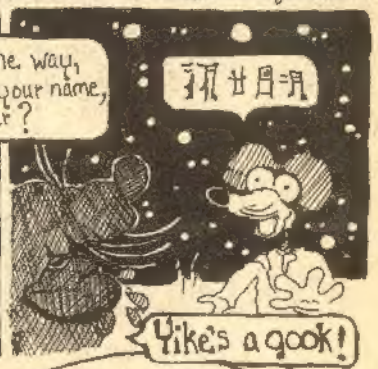
# 2 Dogs one Bone

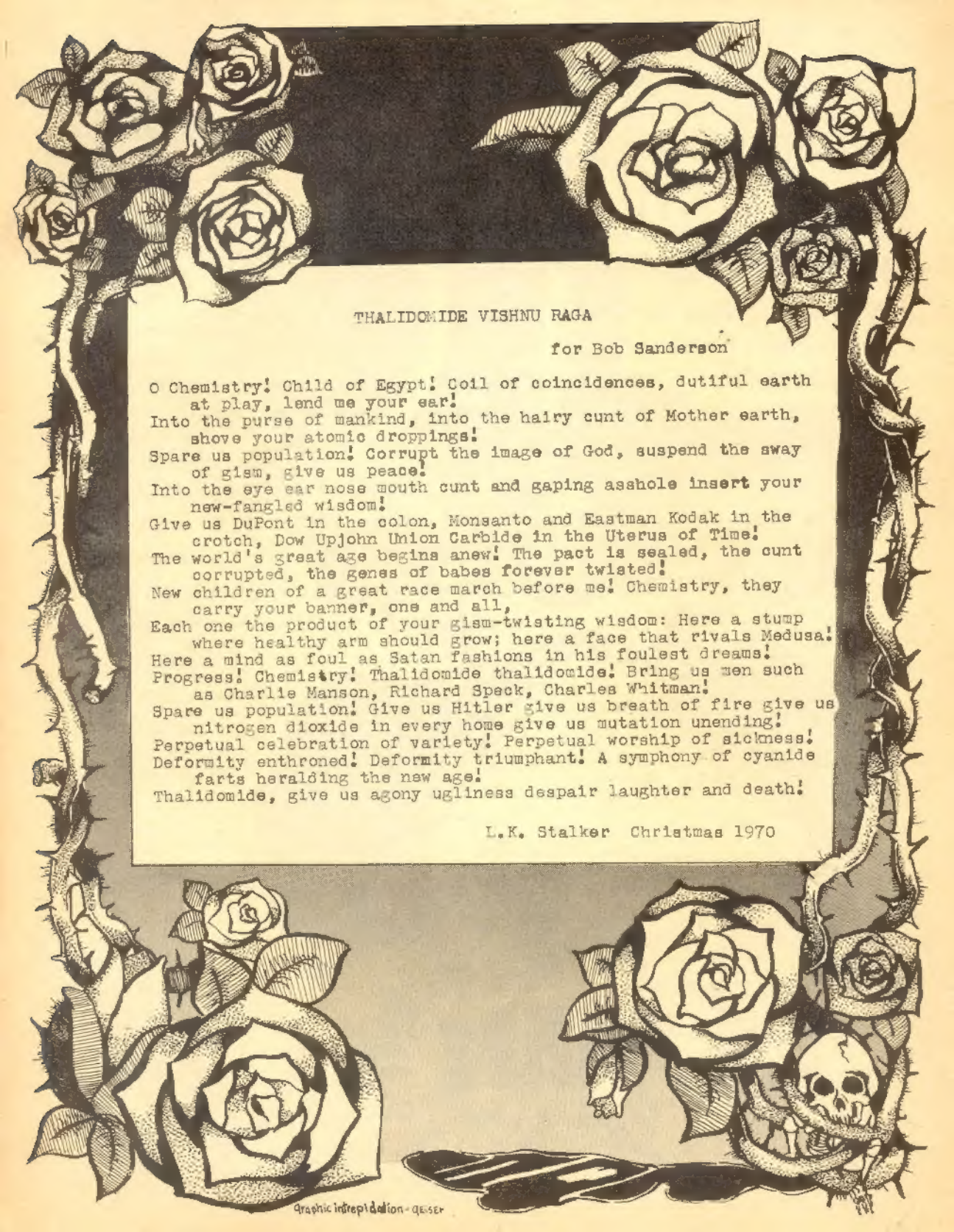
GEISER '70

a cyclical situation







THALIDOMIDE VISHNU RAGA

for Bob Sanderson

O Chemistry! Child of Egypt! Coil of coincidences, dutiful earth
at play, lend me your ear!
Into the purse of mankind, into the hairy cunt of Mother earth,
shove your atomic droppings!
Spare us population! Corrupt the image of God, suspend the sway
of gism, give us peace!
Into the eye ear nose mouth cunt and gaping asshole insert your
new-fangled wisdom!
Give us DuPont in the colon, Monsanto and Eastman Kodak in the
crotch, Dow Upjohn Union Carbide in the Uterus of Time!
The world's great age begins anew! The pact is sealed, the cunt
corrupted, the genes of babes forever twisted!
New children of a great race march before me! Chemistry, they
carry your banner, one and all,
Each one the product of your gism-twisting wisdom: Here a stump
where healthy arm should grow; here a face that rivals Medusa!
Here a mind as foul as Satan fashions in his foulest dreams!
Progress! Chemistry! Thalidomide thalidomide! Bring us men such
as Charlie Manson, Richard Speck, Charles Whitman!
Spare us population! Give us Hitler give us breath of fire give us
nitrogen dioxide in every home give us mutation unending!
Perpetual celebration of variety! Perpetual worship of sickness!
Deformity enthroned! Deformity triumphant! A symphony of cyanide
farts heralding the new age!
Thalidomide, give us agony ugliness despair laughter and death!

L.K. Stalker Christmas 1970

Graphic intrepidation - GEISER

# PERVERT o' de MONTH

## BILLY BADASS

GEISER

# Sir Real's

## UNDERGROUND COMIX CLASSIX

## Demented Pervert #1

**Published January 1971**
**(1st edition)**
**Yahoo Productions**
**50¢**
**36 pages**
**Printrun of 10,000 copies**
**7" x 9 1/4"**
**ISBN:**

### Stories:

2 - Pete Pervert
3 - Solid Paranoia
9 - Bobby Boilsucker
13 - Flying
16 - Funky Freddie Fetus
17 - Funky Freddie's Womb Room
18 - They Got Ya Commin'
20 - A Parable
25 - Down Home
26 - It's Finally Here
27 - Shoe Fetish
33 - Anal chastity Belt
34 - 2 Dogs, One Bone
35 - Thalidomide Vishnu Raga
36 - Pervert o' de Month

### Artists:

Dave Geiser - 1-12, 16-25, 27-32, 34-36
Frank Carson - 13-15, 26, 33
L.K. Stalker - 35(poem)

### Comments:

n/a